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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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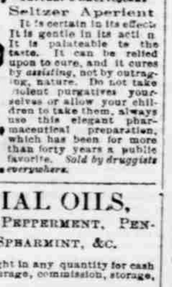

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AGENT FOR THE
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It's certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Don't take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round—
Breakfast and dinner and tea,
Smoothing the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care—
There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest.
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door,
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.
What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

—Ada S. Sherwood, in Good Housekeeping.

MRS. MOLL'S AILMENTS.

She Was Finally Cured in a Very Lively Manner.

Mrs. Rebecca Moll was one of those unfortunate women who are always "ailin'." She was never free from a "misery" of some kind and never knew what it was to see "a well day." Her conversation chiefly referred to the diseases she was suffering from, those she had had, and those she expected to have. She always spoke in a plaintive and dejected little whine, but at the same time wished it to be understood that she was quite resigned to her fate. She was sure that she had suffered from most of the maladies common to humanity, and warmly resented the idea that any one had had more diseases than she.

She loved to dwell upon the many times that "four doctors had given her up," and when it was confidently supposed that "every breath would be her last." It might, however, have puzzled her to give the exact dates of those trying occasions. Certainly they had not been within the remembrance of some of her friends who had known her twenty-five years.

These friends were, indeed, somewhat skeptical in regard to the genuineness of Mrs. Rebecca Moll's maladies. They doubted her oft-repeated statement that she had had the small-pox, the genuine Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, a distinct shock of paralysis and all the fevers ever heard of. They did not believe that her left lung was "clean gone," or that she ever recovered from a combined attack of typhoid fever, diphtheria, congestion of the lungs and black measles.

One reason for their doubts regarding this last statement was that it was proved that on the day following that on which all these diseases were at their height, Mrs. Moll had walked three miles to a quilting; but when reminded of this fact she said, calmly: "Some folks git over sickness quicker'n others, and I'm one of that kind."

It was not uncommon for Mrs. Moll to be "breathing her last" one day, and enjoying a cup of tea at the house of a neighbor a mile distant on the next. The ease and grace with which she took on and threw off disease was a matter of surprise to her friends and of satisfaction to herself.

There was one person, however, who had firm faith in the genuineness of all Mrs. Moll's maladies, and that person was her patient and affectionate husband, Mr. Pliny Moll.

"What my Becky has endoored no one but me and her knows," he often said, earnestly. "Many an' a-many's the time I've set by her sick bedside an' said to myself: 'Is she a-breathin' or ain't she a-breathin'?' and I've riz to my feet thinkin' I was a widow man *this* time—yes, sir. An' ag'in when she's been settin' right in her chair I've looked at her an' said: 'You dead, Becky Moll?' an' when she'd say, so feeble like: 'I ain't *quite*, Pliny,' I've said to myself: 'Well, it won't be long 'fore you will be, Becky Moll, if you ain't better right forthwith an' faster.'"

So good Mr. Moll bore in patience the inconveniences to which Mrs. Moll's many sudden and acute attacks and unending ailings subjected him. As they kept no servant, great domestic confusion resulted when, as was frequently the case, Mrs. Moll had to be almost carried to bed from the breakfast table, leaving Mr. Moll to wash the dishes and attend to other domestic duties. But Mr. Moll made no complaint. He would go to work patiently and sometimes tearfully saying: "Poor Becky! poor Becky! it's a sight harder on her than it is on me."

One day Mrs. Moll went to bed, and did not get up again as the days and weeks wore on.

"I shall never get up again, Pliny," she said to her husband. "I'm done fer. I don' seem to have the first mite of stren'th, an' I've a kind of a feelin' of goneness all the time. There's somethin' the matter of my back an' chist, an' it ain't long I'll be a burden to you."

Old Dr. Philbrick was called. He seemed unable to understand the case of Mrs. Moll, but told her anxious husband that he'd "have her around in a few days."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Moll, resolutely, as she came out of the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen. "Pliny might as well be made to understand the truth, doctor, an' it can't be kept from *me!*"

Doctor Philbrick did not have Mrs. Moll around as he predicted. He came again and again, and seemed at last to be greatly puzzled over the case.

"Seems as though she'd reely ought to git some stren'th," said Pliny to the doctor. "Her appetite ain't failed her yet; she eats more'n I do—"

"Pliny Moll, that ain't so!" cried his wife, indignantly. During her husband's absence from the room Mrs. Moll had been telling the doctor that it gave her pain to swallow any thing at all, and that she didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

An elderly relative of Mr. Moll's called "Aunt 'Cindy" had by this time been installed as housekeeper and nurse to Mrs. Moll, who steadily grew worse and now gave daily instructions as to how her funeral should be conducted and what Pliny should do when she was gone. These details always left Pliny very much dejected, and one day he said, desperately and tearfully:

"You shan't go 'long as any thing kin be done fer you that ain't been done. An' there's got to be a consultation over you, Becky."

"It won't do no good," said Mrs. Moll, firmly; "all the doctors in creation couldn't tell what's the matter of me. It's one of them cases the medical perfession ain't got up to yet, and there ain't no cure for it."

Nevertheless, Mr. Moll determined to have a consultation, particularly as old Dr. Philbrick thought it advisable to do so.

"I've done all I can do, Mr Moll," he said; "I've bled her and blistered her and poulticed her, and given her a great deal and a great variety of medicine, and yet she is no better. I really think there should be a consultation."

Dr. Philbrick belonged to a class of rural physicians fast becoming extinct. He failed to keep pace with the age, and sneered at all the discoveries of modern medical science. His remedies were mostly of his own manufacture, and he bled and blistered his patients until nothing but their iron constitutions and the tenacity with which they clung to life kept them alive through a course of his treatment.

Dr. Peevy and Dr. Hobbson lived in adjoining villages. They were elderly doctors in full sympathy with the Philbrick methods of treatment, and Mrs. Moll's situation certainly seemed dangerous when these three wiseacres came together in consultation over her case.

"You've bled her, I reckon?" said Dr. Peevy, while tying his horse in front of Mr. Moll's house.

"Yes, half a dozen times," replied Dr. Philbrick, who had come out of the house to meet his conferrees.

"And blistered her?" asked Dr. Hobbson, who had ridden up with Dr. Peevy.

"Yes, yes; time and again," replied Dr. Philbrick.

It was now June, and Mrs. Moll had kept her bed steadily for so long a time that even the uncharitable neighbors began to think that there "reely was something the matter of Becky Moll," and great interest was felt in the case throughout the neighborhood.

Mrs. Moll seemed to enjoy the prospect of a consultation over her case. It was a distinction and privilege she had never yet enjoyed, even though she had lived "with one foot in the grave" most of her life. But she was firm in the conviction that the consultation would amount to nothing so far as her recovery was concerned.

"It's mostly to please Pliny, poor man, that I've consented to the consultation," she said. "I know that forty dozen consultations wouldn't cure me. I've had so many diseases my system is all wore out and I ain't a mite o' stren'th left. I've endoored all one pore human frame kin endoor, and I'm convinced that I've got an incurable complaint now. My grandmother's aunt lay in bed two years, just as I'm doin', 'fore she died, and Pliny had a second cousin go off jist as I'm goin', and nobody knowed what ailded him. It runs in the family and there's no use fightin' ag'in it. If I live through the consultation it's 'bout all I expect to do."

She received the three doctors with stoical calmness, and replied to all their questions in a meek and feeble voice.

"Please put out your tongue, ma'am," said Dr. Peevy, while Dr. Hobbson felt her pulse, with his eyes fixed on his immense silver watch.

Then Mrs. Moll was put through such a long catechism of questions, and subjected to such a thumping of the chest and pounding of the back that her "feeble stren'th" was subjected to a severe strain. The examination of the patient lasted for a full hour, and then the trio of physicians withdrew to consult together.

"Supposing we walk out into the orchard, Brother Peevy," suggested Dr. Philbrick. "I'm afraid the murmur of our voices will make the patient nervous, as she's in the next room. It 'pears to me like a mighty serious case."

"She does seem to be pretty bad of," acquiesced Dr. Peevy, as he put on his hat in accordance with Dr. Philbrick's suggestion that the consultation be held in the coolness and stillness of the old orchard, a short distance in the rear of the house. No sooner were the doctors out of the house than Mrs. Moll called Aunt 'Cindy. And Aunt 'Cindy appeared.

"Where's Pliny?" asked Mrs. Moll.

"I see him goin' out toward the medder lot when the doctors come," replied Aunt 'Cindy. "He seemed to be too worried and oneasy to stay in the house while this here powwow was goin' on. He's been like a fish out of water ever sence he knew it was goin' to be."

"Pore man, pore man!" said Mrs. Moll. "It'll be hard on him to give me up, but he's got to do it. My stren'th is goin' faster and faster every day. I wisht you'd tell Pliny I want him, and then I'd like you to make me some b'iled apple dumplin's and b'ile me a piece of cabbage. I'm so fagged out I've got to have somethin' nourishin' for dinner."

There stood in the meadow lot a solitary oak tree, to the shade of which Pliny always withdrew when he was in the mood for solitary reflection, and he always came thither in his hours of deepest dejection. He seemed to find sympathy and strength in the sheltering arms of the oak tree, and it had been told all the joys and sorrows of his life.

The good man was almost beside himself on this bright and peaceful June day. There was something so ominous in the presence of those three grave and gloomy-faced doctors that Mr. Moll could not stay under the same roof with them, and he had fled to the oak tree to remain there until they had gone. Never had he been more depressed in regard to Mrs. Moll.

"I'm afeerd they'll do her no good," he said, with his handkerchief to his eyes as he lay under the branches of the tree. "Nothing but a maracle will help Becky now, and the age of maracles is gone. Poor Becky!" and little Mr. Moll was weeping softly in his red cotton handkerchief when Aunt 'Cindy found him.

Aunt 'Cindy was a woman of no little force of character, and she thought that there were not many occasions when a man was justified in giving way to tears. She certainly did not regard this as one of those rare occasions, therefore she said, sharply:

"Well, Pliny Moll, you ain't bellerin'? What for? If there's any thing to cry fer *I* aint seen it nor yit heered it!"

"O 'Cindy!" was all Pliny said in reply to this. "What do they say 'bout Becky. Has she lived through it?"

"Well, she's alive enough to want cabbage and dumplin's for dinner, so I reckon there's a *little* vitality left. The doctors are powwowin' out in the orchard, and Becky wants you."

Aunt 'Cindy had not come directly from the house to the meadow. She had stopped at the barn to see if she could find some new-laid eggs for the pudding she intended making for dinner; then she had stopped to dig open a hill of early potatoes to see if they were likely to be large enough for a Fourth-of-July dinner, so that some little time had elapsed since she left the house.

"You'd better come right in," she continued to Mr. Moll, "and if I was you, Pliny Moll, I'd—for the land's sake!"

Aunt 'Cindy had suddenly thrown up both arms, and she clapped her hands together as she cried out: "The house is on fire, as sure as I'm a livin' woman!"

Mr. Moll rose to his feet with a bound, and ran madly after the fleeing Aunt 'Cindy. They met the doctors at the back gate, and all ran into the house, Mr. Moll crying out:

"She'll be scared and burned to death! Git Becky out first thing! We're comin', Becky! Keep ca'm—we'll save you!"

The whole party rushed into the front hall of the house, and there they beheld a singular and unexpected sight. It was Mrs. Moll half-way down-stairs with a huge feather-bed on her back!

"Becky Moll!" gasped her amazed husband. "Why, Becky, you'll—"

"Now don't you lose your wits at a time when you need 'em the most, Pliny," said Mrs. Moll, sharply. "I'll manage this feather-bed, and you go up and begin throwin' things out of the winders. Don't you forgit my black silk dress. You doctors better pull up the carpets, and 'Cindy, you git my gold band chany tea-set out all right. I'll come back and 'tend to my silver spoons and forks soon as I get this new feather-bed out. Fly around, all of you! There ain't no time to lose!"

During the next fifteen minutes no one "flew around" faster than Mrs. Becky Moll, notwithstanding the fact that she was still clad in a long, white nightdress, with her feet thrust into a pair of Pliny's old carpet slippers.

After carrying the feather-bed across the road, and pitching it over the fence of a field in front of the house, she ran back and personally directed the moving of the other things in the burning house.

"Gal my winter cloak, Pliny," she shouted up the stairs. "It's bran new, and it's got to do me five years yit! Here, Dr. Philbrick, you and Dr. Peevy carry out the parlor sofy! 'Cindy, 'Cindy, fly around! Get ev'ry thing out of the pantry!"

When the nearest neighbors arrived the whole second story of the house was in flames, and it was unsafe to enter the lower part. Mrs. Moll had been the last to leave. She came rushing out with a family heirloom—a big blue-edged platter—in one hand and a pewter teapot in the other. Carrying them to a place of safety, she climbed over the fence and dropped down on the feather-bed, saying as she did so:

"Pliny, bring me a quilt or something to throw over me! I look scand'lous! I'm afeerd this'll give me an awful back set! Well, Dr. Philbrick, what do you make out is the matter of me?"

"There ain't *nothing* the matter of you, Becky Moll; that's what there ain't!" said Dr. Philbrick, tartly, as he mopped the perspiration from his crimson brow. "Ain't that so, Dr. Peevy?"

"Yes, it is," said Dr. Peevy, briefly, as he gathered up his saddle-bags.

"Hobbson thinks so, too, don't you, Hobbson?"

"Of course I do!" replied Dr. Hobbson.

This was far from the conclusion at which the learned doctors had arrived while in the orchard; but the opinions of the most learned men are subject to change. They had made some new discoveries as to the patient's condition—revealed by the events of the fire—which had literally thrown new light on their investigations.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to talk to a dyin' woman like that!" said Mrs. Moll, rising from her bed and pointing her finger scornfully between the rails of the fence toward the departing doctors.

The household goods were carried into a small but quite comfortable old house across the road, in which the Molls had lived before building the house that had burned. The neighbors lent their assistance in arranging the furniture, and by night Mr. and Mrs. Moll found themselves comfortably installed in their old home, with most of their effects around them. Then Aunt 'Cindy went out to the barn where Mr. Moll was feeding his horses and said:

"See here, Pliny; I'm goin' home. I ain't goin' to stay here any louger doing for a woman that's as well as I am, if she'd only think so. I'm a believer in the mind cure for Becky; for if she only thought she was well she'd be well."

"I've seen her do some queer things for a dyin' woman of late," Aunt 'Cindy went on, emphatically. "I caught her in the pantry eatin' pie and cold beef one day last week, and when I told her the other day that 'Mandy Peek was goin' by with a new dress and hat on, she run to the window to see, and that, and what's happened to-day, has made me think I aint needed here, and I'm goin'."

In fifteen minutes she was gone, and Mr. Moll sat for the next half hour on the barn floor with his back against a grain bag, chewing the end of a straw and meditating. At last he rose and went into the house and into the bedroom in which Mrs. Moll was lying.

"Becky," he said, in a strange but decided tone, "Aunt 'Cindy's gone, and I reckon if you want any supper to-night you'll have to git up and git it. I'm goin' out to milk the cows now, and I wish you'd have some flannel cakes for supper when I come in."

There was a hidden degree of firmness in mild-mannered little Mr Moll's character not often revealed to others, but Mrs. Moll knew of its existence. When she heard Pliny speak now she knew that he meant all he said. She herself was very hungry after her exertions at the fire, and Pliny found her frying eggs and cakes and making an appetizing cup of coffee when he came in with his pail of foamy milk. That was the last of her "incurable malady," and the last of many of her other diseases. She died of old age twenty-five years later.—J. L. Harbour, in Youth's Companion.

A COURAGEOUS BOY.

With the Help of a Dog He Outrides a Storm and Saves a Vessel.

At Bourbon, the most neglected port in the French Indies, a number of vessels rode at anchor. Suddenly a tidal-wave was signaled and a cannon-shot conveyed the order for all vessels to leave the port. The crews hastily regained their vessels and in less than half an hour all ships but one had left the port. The one which remained despite the order was a large brig in ballast, on whose deck not a living soul could be seen. A second shot was fired and the brig slowly pivoted, and with flapping sails made for the open sea. An hour later it was discovered that the entire crew of the brig had been detained on shore and the only living creatures on board were a lad fifteen years old and the captain's dog.

In order to obey the order twice given the lad must have let the anchor chain slip and cut the hawser, but where could he get the strength to hold the helm against a cyclone? Three days passed and all the vessels had returned to port but the brig, and fears gained ground. Suddenly on the morning of the fourth day a naked mast was seen against the horizon. Like a stick at first, it grew longer, and then a hull appeared. All the sails were furled and the brig—for it was the brig—was sailing under masts and cordage only, kept on her course by her little jib hoisted one-third high. A quarter of an hour later a tug was at its side. The brig was brought back after more than three days' terrible strife with the elements.

After seeing no one come the boy, knowing that to stay was destruction, had let the anchor slip, sawed the hawser, and grasping the helm set her head for the sea. Slipping a rope with a running knot larboard and starboard to prevent sudden lurches, he remained at his post with the dog, sleeping and waking, nearly one hundred hours.

The colonists raised a subscription for him and he was sent to the marine school, whence he came out an officer. —Philadelphia Press.

About Frost and Dew.

Frost is formed under the same conditions as dew, with the exception of a lower temperature. When the temperature of plants and other objects fall below 32 degrees, Fahrenheit, the moisture of the air is condensed upon them in the solid state, or semi-solid, like layers of snow crystals or spongy ice. Hoarfrost, therefore, is not frozen dew, the moisture of the air having been deposited in the solid form, without passing through the liquid state. Hoarfrost, like dew, is chiefly deposited upon bodies which radiate heat, such as the leaves of vegetables, plants, boards, etc., the deposit being thickest upon those parts turned directly towards the sky. Plants by radiation frequently become 10 to 12 degrees cooler than the surrounding atmosphere, therefore frost may occur although the thermometer may mark 40 degrees or 8 above the freezing point. Light frosts have been known to occur on low ground when the temperature was not lower than 47 degrees on the surrounding hilltops.—St. Louis Republic.

He Would Break It Small.

Cumso—Is it true that Gazley's wife has eloped?

Fangle—Yes; it's true.

"Does Gazley know about it?"

"Not yet. We haven't decided who shall break the news to him."

"Let Briggs do it. He's the very man. He stutters, you know."—N. Y. Sun.

Had Been There Himself.

Highway robber—Shell out your money, stranger. I'll let you keep enough to last you through the day.

Stranger—I'm on my way to a church fair, sir, and have just thirty dollars. However, I can let you have—

"Pass on, poor fellow. You'll need it all."—Time.

A NARRATIVE PIECE.

"I wish you'd tell a story," said the Little Girl, one day;
"It seems to me it's stupid to do nothing else but play.
Now, *could* you tell a story if you wanted to?" she cried,
And "Of course I could!" indignantly the Little Boy replied.

"Then do it!" cried the Little Girl, and the Little Boy began,
He thought and thought, and then he said: "There was a Norful Man—"
And then he stopped so suddenly it nearly knocked him off
The fence on which they sat, and then he gave a little cough.

"Well!" said the Little Girl, and looked severely at the boy,
"I think I will begin again," he said, in accents coy;
"Though I *could* tell you all about that Norful Man, of course,
I'd rather tell another. There was a Norful Horse—"

He stopped again; then hastily: "I'll really tell it now.
I'll just begin once more, I think. There was a Norful Cow,
And—" Here he stopped again, and she, dismounting from the fence,
Said, calmly: "Do you know, I think you haven't any sense?"

This was too much. The Little Boy was wounded in his pride.
"I wish you'd try it, then, yourself," indignantly he cried.
"I will," she said, "and then I'm going by myself to play.
There was a Norful Boy," she said, and then she walked away.

—Margaret Vandegrift, in Harper's Young People.

THE WAYSIDE GRAVE.

A Pathetic Story of the Lonely Western Prairies.

About five miles out of Skytown on the "Ontario trail" there is a lonely little grave. At one end of the mound is a rough wooden cross firmly planted in the earth and a careful eye can trace the words "Joe's Kid," rudely carved upon the shorter transverse piece of wood. Many a time I have passed by that little grave and wondered who lay beneath the rough monument and whether "Joe" was alive to mourn for the child. It touched my heart deeply, that mound on the distant prairie, and often when going to or coming from Ontario I would pluck a bunch of wild roses and golden-rod and lay them by the cross.

"If I were Joe," thought I, "I should be glad to think that some one remembered my child."

One day as I was coming into Skytown I saw a man kneeling upon the sod by the cross and aimlessly handling the withered flowers I had put there from time to time. He was clad in the garb of a ranchman and his broad-brimmed white hat was pulled down over his eyes so that I could scarcely see his face. He had seemingly just dismounted, for his horse was standing near by.

"Now," thought I, "perhaps the mystery can be solved," and I turned from the road and drove over towards him.

The stranger looked up in surprise as I halted beside him. I spoke to him cordially. He answered me gruffly and arose to his feet, as though angry at my intrusion.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but this little grave has been an object of much wonder to me, and, seeing you here, I thought perhaps you might know and could explain it."

"I can't tell ye nothin' about it," he replied, in a brusque voice, looking across the prairie with an air that plainly told he considered me an intruder.

I said nothing, but, taking the bunch of flowers I had in the wagon, I laid them by the cross and started away.

"Hold up, stranger! Are you the chap as has been puttin' them flowers on the kid's grave?"

I bowed.

He caught my hand and shook it warmly.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you was some o' them fellers (he waved his hand towards Skytown) as was nosin' 'round out 'o curiosity like. You're different people—I see it now, an' I'll tell ye 'bout the kid if you'd like to hear?"

I thanked him and he told the story.

"Every body called her the 'kid.' At the P. K.' ranch she didn't go by no other name and they called her 'Joe's Kid' from Mingersville to the Mussle-shell, Purtiest little gal you ever see. 'Bout five year old, with curly, yaller hair an' blue eyes, an' was always smilin' an' laughin.' She was always around with Joe—seemed to take to him mor'n to any of the others and many a ride they had together, Joe on his broncho and the kid in front of him. An' Joe was just as careful of her as a woman could a' been. I tell ye, stranger, it don't seem as if that little gal was dead."

Unwittingly a tear coursed down the rancher's bronzed cheek. He paused a minute, coughed and continued:

"She came to us in this way: A feller from the East came out to Mingersville to herd sheep for Frank Smith. He was a cultivated kind of a feller, neat an' tidy 'bout his language an' his clothes, an' no kind of a chap at all for a sheep herder, but he was melancholy and disconsolate like about some of his doin's in the States an' came out to Montanny to forget all about it. Well, he brought the kid with him. The gal was his daughter—she wan't more'n two or three year old then, an' they went right out to one o' Smith's lonesomest stations where they couldn't see no one but the chap as brought their rations an' mail, an they couldn't see *him* more'n once a month. I tell ye, stranger, it's awful lonesome! Lots o' sheep herders go crazy an' some kills themselves. Well, this feller stuck to it, an' by 'n by Joe dropped in on him an' saw that gal. He an' the kid took to each other right off an' the kid's father was sure glad to see any one that looked like a man, so they struck up an acquaintance an' Joe managed to pull over to the Lone Star station two or three times a month. Joe used to tell the boys 'bout the kid, an' they laughed to see how much he thought o' her, an' one or two of 'em even sneaked down to the Lone Star to see the gal an' talked as much about her as Joe did after that.

"Well, stranger, to saw off my yarn, when Joe went down to the Lone Star the last time he saw a tough state o' things. The sheep was gone and the dog with 'em, while inside the shack the kid's father was stretched out on the floor, stone dead. The gal herself was snuggled up to him on his breast, sound asleep. Of course, Joe was just a human bein' an' when he saw the little innocent chit cuddled down by her dead pa he probably split a few tears—I don't know as any one could blame him, do you? Joe just took the little one in his arms an' rode over to Mingersville an' told Burton (Smith's foreman) what had happened. Burton sent some men up to the station an' they buried the kid's father while Joe brought the kid to the ranch. You can bet the P. K. boys made a mighty sight of fuss over her. She became a reg'lar pet, an' as I said before, was known all over the country as "Joe's kid."

"After a year or two the old man made up his mind to send a drove of likely brouches 'cross country to sell in the North Dakoty settlements, an' Joe was the feller he put in charge of the herd. Would you believe it, just as they were startin' nothin' would do but the kid must go 'long, too! She put her arms 'round Joe's neck an' begged so hard that Joe couldn't do nothin' but take her. The old man kicked a little, but the kid generally did what she wanted to in that ranch an' so she went along. They had great times on that trip. The kid was ridin' with Joe all the time. They swam the little Missour! together, chased brenchos and had great rides, the kid havin' more fun than anybody.

"Well, they rounded up at Skytown an' commenced sellin' out. It didn't take very long, for the people wanted horses bad, an' Joe sold the cattle cheap an' broke 'em, to boot. When they had 'bout half the herd left a chap came along an' wanted to buy the toughest broncho in the herd—a great, big, handsome buckskin, the fiercest devil in the lot—always led the herd when it made a break, an' if any horse ever jumped the corral or tore it down, or made 'em any trouble, you could lay heavy it was that big buckskin. Joe was glad to sell the brute, though he 'lowed he'd have a tough time breakin' him.

"Joe corralled all the horses, then he an' his partner jumped in among 'em swingin' the end of a lariat 'round their heads to keep the wild devils from trompin' 'em. One o' the boys opened the corral gate an' allowed the horses to go through a few at a time, while Joe switched his rope in front of old buckskin an' kept him in, an' when all the horses were out but him they shut the gate an' Joe began the breakin' act. He took his lariat an' got into the pen where buckskin was kickin' an' pawin' at a great rate, then he threw the rope an' it settled over the broncho's neck. Joe drew it taut just behind the ears an' the other two fellers hopped in an' got hold of the rope. The idea was to choke the horse till he was pretty weak, then trip him up, tie his leg

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 20, 1889.

Dr. E. E. HIGBEE, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose illness we made mention of in last weeks issue, died at his home in Lancaster on Friday last.

A BILL has been introduced in the House by Mr. Bower, of North Carolina, to repeal the internal revenue tax on tobacco. A Bill has been introduced in the Senate to repeal the Civil Service law

THE prize fight in Montana which ended the lives of the contestants will be looked upon by a large majority of the people as having terminated very satisfactory to the balance of mankind. If prize fights always terminated in that way public sentiment would prevent the enforcement of the law that prohibits prize fighting.

CONGRESS has been in session for two weeks, passed one bill and already is so tired that it proposes adjourning from December 19 to January 6. As the members can never forego a three weeks' vacation for the Chrismas holidays, the assembling in December seems to be a farce and should be done away with. It is a waste of time, money and patience.

PRESIDENT HARRISON on Tuesday, transmitted to the Senate the extradition treaty with England referred to in his annual message, negotiated by Secretary Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister. By its terms the number of extraditable offences is largely increased, the most important addition being that of embezzlement; so that if the treaty be ratified, Canada and the United States will cease to exchange a class of undesirable residents.

THERE were 340,000 divorces granted in the United States during the 20 years ending in 1886, an increase of 156 per cent., while the population grew, only 25 per cent. More than one-teuth were secured in Illinois, which goes to show that Chicago has earned her reputation in that line. Ohio furnished 26,367 and Pennsylvania 16,000. South Carolina is the only State not showing a large increase. Divorce does not seem to be a failure at any rate, whatever we may think of Marriage.

ADJUTANT GENERAL HASTINGS has just forwarded to the War Department at Washington a statement of the military force of Pennsylvania which would be available in case of war. In the National Guard there are 606 commissioned officers and 7,857 enlisted men, a total of 9,471 against a total last year of 8,351, several new companies having been organized. There are 138 companies, including 132 companies of infantry, three of calvary, and three of artillery. The total number of men in the State available for military duty is 659,005.

JOSEPH DITMAN, a Philadelphia banker, mysteriously disappeared on Wednesday of last week and his disappearance continues to excite attention and to cause speculation as to his whereabouts. The theory first advanced, that the missing man had been accidently drowned, seems to have given way to the general belief that he wandered off during a fit of tempoary insanity, and that he will eventually be found. Ditman's financial affairs, however, are in a tangled condition, and not a few are of the opinion that he left Philadelphia sound in mind.

TWENTY years will probably add 35,000,000 inhabitants to the present population, remarks the New York *Tribune*, which adds: How and where will these 35,000,000 stomachs be filled and these 70,000,000 hands find work? Not in the boundless West, already beginning to show its boundaries; not all of them, that is. By 1910 100,000,000 Americans will have developed the neglected South, repeopled the abandoned farms of the Eastern and Middle States, and will be eating all the food they raise, instead of, as now, discounting the future of their fields by feeding it to foreigners for present cash. Cheer up.

FOLLOWING the adoption of a resolution in the House at Washington on Wednesday, authorizing the sergeant-at-arms to offer a reward of $5,000 for the arrest of Silcott, the absconding cashier, the roll of states was called for the introduction of bills and a great number were offered, including one by Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, creating a new federal judicial district in Pennsylvania to be called the Middle District. Bills providing for the erection of public buildings at the following places in Pennsylvania were introduced: Allegheny City, York, Allentown, Pottsville, Wilkesbarre, Chester and Altoona.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, of Philadelphia, prominent as a lawyer and at one time president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company committed suicide by shooting himself through the head at Wormley's hotel in Washington City. Exactly what time the deed was done, whether Friday night or Saturday morning, no one will probably ever know. The cause of the suicide is attributed by Mr. Gowen's friends to mental aberration. No other reason can be assigned, in view of the fact that the deceased gentlemen left no information which bears even remotely upon the motives which impelled him to the rash act. Mr. Gowen went to Washington on Monday of last week to conduct the suit of George Rice, of Marietta, Ohio, against certain railways charged with discriminating in favor of the Standard oil company, before the Interstate Commerce Commitee. There was nothing during his stay in Washington to indicate that mental or other troubles were pressing upon him.

THERE will be no paper issued from this office next week in accordance with the time honored custom with country newspapers of dropping a number during Christmas week, for the purpose of giving the printers a vacation and allowing them to knock around for a few days and digest their Christmas turkey.

Before the next FREEMAN appears the County Auditors will meet for the purpose of auditing the receipts and expenditures of Cambria county, and it may be well enough at this time to call the attention of the Auditors to the fact that the people will be awaiting their report with more than usual interest. The presentation by the Commissioners of $1,180 of the county's money, as a bonus to their engineer for building three bridges that could have been built by other parties for $1,180 less, is one of the items that the Auditors must give some explanation of to the people, if they allow its payment.

Next comes the building of a number of bridges without a letting, which we believe is in violation of the law and should be opposed by all interested in a careful and prudent management of the county's finances. There is no excuse whatever, for this high-handed manner of doing business and the Auditors are the parties to stop it.

We do not wish to forestall the Auditors in their work but we mention these as glaring instances of mismanagement on the part of the Commissioners that like Banquo's ghost "will not down."

When the Auditors meet on the first Monday in January it will be well for them to make up their minds to "hew to the line let the chips fall where they will."

SUCH details of the revolution in Brazil, says the Philadelphia *Times*, as the mails are now bringing do not increase confidence in the new republic, although they give confirmation to the belief that the monarchy is at an end. It is evident that the deposition of Dom Pedro was not the deliberate action of the people or their representatives nor the immediate result of Republican convictions. It was really a military revoit. The army had been insubordinate and the Government had undertaken to weaken its power for mischief by scattering it. Some of the officers rebelled against this and scattered the Government.

But that they were able to do so by a mere pronunciation shows clearly how little hold the monarchy had upon popular support and how ready public opinion was for such a change. In fact, it was generally felt that the Imperial Government would hardly outlast the lifetime of Dom Pedro, and when the change was made abruptly it seems to have been generally acquiesced in, with the felling that the question might as well be met now as at any other time.

It is nevertheless clear that Brazil has not got a Republican Government merely by deposing the Emperor. A self-constituted committee of soldiers and editors have substituted their arbitrary will for the carefully regulated will of a constitutional moiarch, and nobody has the slightest idea what they are going to do with it.

The Government of the United States grew naturally out of the union of a number of well-established and self-governing Commonwealths. The likeness between the Brazilian provinces and the North American States is very slight, and even if a paper constitution for Brazil can be formulated upon our model, it will be another thing to get it into operation. It is not strange, under existing circumstances, that the European powers are cautious about a too prompt recognition of the United States of Brazil.

THE measure of General Harrison has been taken says the New York *Sun*, and it utterly fails to agree with the specifications. The one man in his cabinet for whom nine-tenths of the Republicans have a warm and long standing personal admiration, he persistently snubs. A snuffy, commonplace Hoosier is visible, but nothing more. As brilliant as a blue book, as inspiring as fire damp, as commanding as an old cow, General Harrison toddles along his narrow path of politics with no more majesty than Babe McKee, his most trusted adviser, displays from the dizzy height of one of Cheap John Wanamaker's velocipedes. No worse misfortune can happen to a party than to find itself condemned for four years to walk under the leadership of a man who cannot lead. For its chief a party must have at least a man with blood in his veins and more heart than a jelly fish. And when a party has worked to the top of its bent to elect a President, and finds that he is of no use, and only anxious to be useful to himself and his family connections, then it becomes more disgusted than a bull in a bandana shop. And discouragement follows disgust.

THE reaction against prohibition in Iowa must have been more forcible even than was indicated by the vote at the recent election. Two constables in Des Moines, one of the straightest and best behaved cities in the State, were almost killed by a mob a few days since for attempting to enforce the prohibitory law. The Iowa State *Register* explains it as the result of numberless outrages perpetrated under the pretense of enforcing the law. "It is these wanton seizures," it says, "these invasions of private houses where no attempt was made to sell liquor, these brutal assaults upon private and domestic rights, this raid upon the public tressury by a gang whom no business man would trust with money or confidence—it is these things that have been piling up prejudice against prohibition and breaking it down beneath the load it had to carry.

THE United States Commission at Tahlequah, I. T., has failed in its negotiations with the Cherokees for the sale of the Cherokee outlet, and will leave for Washington. The Commission will prepare its report during the holidays and submit it to Congress upon the assemblage of that body.

The Cronin Verdict.

CHICAGO, December 16.—At 2 o'clock this afternoon Judge McConnell announced that a return of some kind would be made by the Cronin jury in a few minutes. The attorneys for both sides were at once notified that their presence was desired in court, and bailiffs were dispatched to bring the prisoners into court. At 2.25, all being in readiness, the jury filed in and handed up the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John F. Beggs, not guilty.

"We find the defendant, John Kunze, guilty of manslaughter, as charged in the indictment, and fix his punishment in the penitentiary for a term of three years.

"We find the defendants, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke, guilty of murder in the manner and form as charged in the indictment and fix the penalty, at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of their natural lives."

Mr. Forrest, of the defense, at once requested that the jury be polled, and this was ordered by the Court. To each juror the question was put by the Clerk of the Court: "Was this and is this now your verdict?" Foreman Clark was the first man to rise and answer firmly in the affirmative. The other eleven men followed in turn and gave the same answer.

Simultaneous with the announcement of the verdict Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke turned deadly pale, while Kunze started suddenly from his seat and a moment later dropped his head upon his brother and burst into tears. Beggs' face was luminous with joy, and immediately after the polling of the jury he arose from amid the prisoners and walked over to the jury box, and during a breathless lull that followed shook Foreman Clarke's hand heartily and said: "Gentlemen, I thank you. I trust that the future may confirm your judgment upon me and that you will never regret you found me not guilty of this terrible charge." As he shook hands with the jurors each man bowed his head in acknowledgment of the grateful words of the liberated man. The only sound that broke the stillness was the deep sobs of the little German Kunze. He burst ont with: "God knows I am innocent. I never was in Lake View that night. Oh, God knows I am innocent, gentlemen"

O'Sullivan was the only one of the other three prisioners who found refuge in tears. For a moment they trickled down his cheeks, but a minute later his black eyes flashed with defiance, or a revival of courage, and dashing his hand across his brow and braced up in his seat and cast a long glance around the court room. The only evidence of terror to be perceived in Coughlin was an increased pallor that overspread his face as he fully realized the significance of a sentence to life imprisonment, and his lips twitched nervously during the colloquy that followed between the attorneys and the Court relative to mention for a new trial.

Martin Burke was unquestionably the least affected of all the prisoners. His usually florid face took a slight pallor as the verdict was announced, but a moment later his jaw again began the methodical mastication of gum as regularly as at any previous time during the trial. As the verdict was announced and the large audience contemplated Kunze's grief, Beggs turned to a reporter and said:

"It is a shame to sentence Kunze. The poor little fellow, I think, is as innocent as I am; it is a d—d shame to send him to the penitentiary for three years. He had no more idea of being found guilty than yen had of being declared an accomplice in this crime."

The Dudley Outrage.

The open protection given to Dudley against the law by the Administration, through District Attorney Chambers, has scandalized the people as well as Democrats.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that technical excuses might be found for letting the author of the "blocks-of-five" letter go unwhipped of justice. But it was not thought probable that the United States law officer charged with the prosecution of offenders would go so far as Attorney Chambers does in this declaration:

The so-called Dudley letters, construed in the light of the knowledge that we all possess of how elections in Indiana are conducted by both parties, have nothing in them of a criminal character; but upon the other hand, when so constructed, are honorable, and indicate simply a patriotic interest in elections.

Here we have Mr. Harrison's appointee in charge of the Administration of the law in the city of the President's residence lauding the corrupt methods by which the President's election was bought away from the majority of the people. When Dudley wrote to "divide fiaters into blocks of five, put a trusted man with the necessary funds in charge of each block, and make him responsible that none gets away," he simply gave detailed directions for the successful commission of the crime of bribery at elections. There is no doubt about that.

It is intolerable that an officer of justice should declare that such instructions are honorable and patriotic. The outrage is the greater because, as an excuse for this astonishing declaration, the District Attorney cites the practices that have obtained in Indiana elections.

In a word, in order to shield an accused against whom the evidence is his own writing District Attorney Chambers declares that incitement to corruption is patriotic, because it has been customary. This extraordinary official libels his State in order to excuse prostitution of his authority under the commission of the United States to the shielding of a corruptionist. No wonder that there is general demand in Indiana for the removal of Chambers, and that even Republican organs join in it. —*N. Y. Star.*

AT the annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, to be held at Harrisburg, January 22d and 23d, 1890, the subjects of Roads, Road Construction, Road Repairs and Road Laws, will receive special attention, and one or more sessions will be devoted to their consideration. Numerous essays from practical writers will be read and discussed; Governor Beaver will address the meeting on the subject of the Roads and Road Laws of Pennsylvania; It is expected that the Commission recently appointed by the Governor and Legislature will be present and assist in the discussions. It is especially requested that all agricultural and other organizations interested will send delegates empowered to present their views; arrangements will be made by which such delegates, and all attending the meeting, will receive the same rates of deduction in railroad fare and board as are accorded to members of the Board of Agriculture. All present will be invited to take part in the discussion. For further particulars address

THOS. J. EDGE, Secretary,
Harrisburg, Penna.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sole, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar per bottle at the druggtore of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. McAteer, Loretto.

Mr. Cleveland.

If the American people were not a great people—great in their moral as well as in their intellectual character—it would be impossible to account for the extraordinary popularity of ex-President Cleveland. It is the rule all the world over to let "the stricken deer go weep" unpitied and unfriended, to let the vanquished in the race go all apart to sing his sullen hymns of defeat; but here, at least, is one notable exception to the rule. Upon every important social, political or business occasion the ex-President is placed at the head of the feast; he is everywhere sought out and honored by his countrymen, and everything that he says is listened to and loudly praised or condemned by political friends or enemies. There is no other citizen in the country whose sayings and doings attract such general attention as do his. People who do not agree with him politically respect, esteem and admire him, and here is that loud rabid, if not powerful disciple of Protection, Andrew Carnegie, proposing that "we" shall run him again for President. At the dinner given last week in Boston by the Merchants' Association of that city Mr. Carnegie said:

"Why not run our ex-President again? I, before the next time comes around, may accord him my distinguished support. Whether he is or is not renominated, this I delight in saying—that in any position, in no position, ex-President Cleveland carries with him the genuine respect of people of every shade of opinion and of all parties."

Mr. Carnegie is, if not a great man, the representative of those great industrial operators and of those economic opinions with whose opinions on the tariff ex-President Cleveland is at war, and, apart from that, Mr. Carnegie, from his position, is as good as another to show by reflection the state of public sentiment with regret to Mr. Cleveland. According to all ordinary rules, the ex-President, defeated, a quiet professional gentleman, should be unnoticed and unsung; but he is evidently not that kind of an ex-President. He is noticed, honored, everywhere, and for the very simple reason that his countrymen have recognized in him a genuine patriot, not a mere selfish politician; a courageous, honest man, who dared to proclaim his principles at a time and under circumstances which made it perilous, and, as events proved, fatal to do so. Mr. Cleveland is a strong, fibrous man physically, mentally and morally, and his countrymen know that he is. Their regard for him is quite as creditable to them as it is honorable to him.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph Rep.*)

A Correct Justice.

WILKESBARRE, December 15.—Justice Donahue, of this city, hates wife-beaters and deserters as much as he does snakes, and woe to the man who comes before him on the above charge.

Yesterday George Shiner, a boilermaker, was unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Justice. He was charged with deserting his wife and six children. The Justice was very angry and, after hearing the evidence, said: "There is no use of my sending you to jail, because while incarcerated your family would suffer. But I'll tell you what I propose to do. I intend to give you a good thrashing right here, so pull off your coat."

Shiner was dumfounded, but the Justice insisted that he must get ready. The Alderman came down from the judicial bench, rolled up his sleeves, and after counting three, waded into his prisoner.

Shiner, however, showed more skill as a pugilist than was expected, and at first it looked as though he would knock out the Justice. The latter is a heavy man, with a true aldermanic corporation, but he finally managed to get his man in a corner, where he pummelled him in great shape.

The Justice let go his right and left in quick succession, and would not let up until Shiner cried "enough." Then the Justice straightened himself up for breath and said: "now, you scoundrel will you go on home and support your wife and little ones?"

Shiner said, in humble tones, that he would.

"All right, then," replied the Justice, as he resumed his seat. "The case is dismissed."

This evening Shiner brought suit against Donohue for assault and battery. He says he suffered terrible punishment at the Justice's hands and cannot work.

A Fatal Prize Fight.

BUTTE, MONT., December 17.—A dispute between John Gallagher and G. H. Ward, over a trifling debt due the former by Ward, resulted in the arranging of a prize fight to settle the matter. It took place Sunday a few miles from here. The fight was one of the most stubborn and brutal that has ever been witnessed. Gallagher was so badly hurt that he died of his injuries last evening. It took 105 rounds to settle which was the best man, during which Gallagher was knocked down ninety-eight times. In the forty-eighth round his arm was broked by a blow, but he insisted on fighting and showed an amount of pluck and grit rarely seen in the ring. Notwithstanding his injury, he fought with undiminished ferocity. Ward got in a terrific right-hander under Gallagher's chin in the ninety-eight round which sent him stunned to the ground, but he partly recovered, and in a half-dazed state fought seven more rounds. In the 105th and last round he received his quietus. Ward struck him a terrible blow in this round and he went down like a log, and with the exception of a hardly preceptible respiration, showed no signs of life. It took some time to restore him, and he was at once removed to his home. He never fully rallied, however, and his death, as noted above, occurred last vening. Ward has also died.

PROBABILITIES point to a general strike of coal miners in the Wyoming region about February 1. While the Pennsylvania miner beside being poorly paid is swindled and robbed by the iniquitous store-order system, the attempt to redress his wrongs usually ends in making his position worse than it was before. The greedy mine owners lose little or nothing by the strike. When the miner ceases work up goes the price of coal, and it is the public that pays the bill. But the unfortunate miner is starved into submission and finds that the laws of Pennsylvania were intended solely for the protection of monopolies and corporations. Even the boasted "protection to American industry" proves to be a myth when his wife and children are suffering for food.—*Phila. Herald.*

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first done that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz" Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Thomas R. Adams, manager of the Milwaukee and Wyoming Investment Company's cattle ranch, near Cheynne, W. T., left with $15,000 of the company's money and a young bride several days ago.

—Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column. nov29 4t.

—The mangled body of a woman has been found among the ballast of a vessel at Middleborough, London, shipped at Millwall. The hand has been found elsewhere. The police suspect that this is another victim of "Jack the Ripper," and the presence of the body in the ballast calls new attention to the theory that the successful murderer is a sailor.

—Charles Bond, of Crete, Neb., aged 49, and Mrs. Anna S. Bond, of Lincoln, aged 48, were married by the County Judge recently. It develops that this couple were married years ago and raised a large family of children. Differences grew between them, they separated and procured a divorce. By and by the old love began to reassert itself, and the result was the wedding above mentioned.

—A well-dressed stranger made three efforts at suicide at Connellsville on Monday morning. First he threw himself on the track in front of an engine, but was dragged off in time to save his life. In a few minutes he made a second attempt, and being frustrated rushed to the river and jumped in. The police fished him out and locked him up. The man refused to tell his name or residence.

—A 16-year-old son of Henry Potts, residing near Woodstock, Howard county, Maryland, while handling a breech-loading shot gun, accideatally discharged the piece, killing his young sister standing near by and seriously wounding his mother. The little girl's brains were blown out and the mother received in the side the same charge which killed her daughter. Doubts are entertained as to Mrs. Potts' recovery.

—Joseph Kaffer, Charles Rose and Charles Hart went into William Zorn's saloon in Canton, Baltimore county, Maryland on Monday night for drinks. A difficulty arose over payment, and Kaffer pulled out a razor and cut off Zorn's nose. Zorn then procured a gun and shot Kaffer and Hart in the legs. Zorn reloaded and succeeded in shooting Rose in the abdomen. All three men are seriously wounded.

—At the Indian cemetery on Indian Hill, near Portland, Conn., the other day, John R. Lewis dug up a redman whose grave was liberally probided with culinary utensils. There were several bottles, an iron kettle with a copper ladel, a brass kettle and two Dutch mugs. The human remains, which were a skull and a dozen very fine teeth, were evidentally those of a great chief; but what business the Dutch mugs had in the grave is a mystery to every one.

—A case that is attracting general attention is now on trial in the Poweshiek court. It is the prosecution of Miss Flora Look, who shot and killed a man who was engaged in a charivari in Chester county. The serenading party was making life miserable for Flora's grandfather, who had been ill. The serenaders refused to desist, whereupon Miss Flora took down a gun and fired into the party, killing one man. After that they were not troubled so much with serenaders.

—After much solicitation W. H. Bartholomew and Mrs. Margaret Dilliard, convicted of the murder of the latter's husband and now confined in the jail at Easton, Pa., have been alowed to see each other. The meeting was rather sensational and the conversation was profane and immoral, and consisted of mutual recriminations. As they parted Mrs. Dilliard said: "William, I think our time here is short, and so we had both better prepare ourselves for the world to come."

—A bold attempt to rob the Great Falls N. H. National Bank was made Friday night. About six o'clock Assistant Cashier Buffum started the time lock, and went home. Cashier Stickney remained. As he started to leave the building he was grabbed by two men, one of whom put a pistol to his head. Stickney explained to them that the time lock was on, and it would be impossible to open the vault until morning. They "went through" Mr. Stickney, however, taking his $300 watch and $3 in money.

—A dispatch from Wabash, Ind., says: William Marquis, aged 17, son of a farmer in Miami county, was arrested at school on Monday by a Wabash railroad detective on a charge of wrecking the east-bound express at Keller's, this county, October 24. The accident, a frightful one, was caused by a misplaced switch. The boy confessed. He had started from Wabash to Peru on foot that morning. He tried to obtain a ticket for a silk handkerchief, and failing broke the lock, threw the switch and disappeared. Marquis does not seem to realize the enormity of his crime, althouge expressing regret for the act.

—It is reported that four robbers have been lynched in Maumelle township, Arkansas, by a vigilance committee. Saturday night Harry Wright, a well-to do farmer, went to a store at Big Maumelle, and while enroute home, four masked men stopped his team, drew pistols, and demanded his money or his life. Wright was unarmed, but he made a desperate fight with his fists. He was knocked out of the rear end of the wagon, failing to the ground insensible. Sunday morning Wright was found by neighbors, who had gone in search of him, and, although badly injured, rallied sufficiently to describe his assailants. A vigilance committee was at once organized and the murderers were caught and lynched.

—Three separate glycerine magazines blew up on Sunday morning at North Clarendon about seven miles above Warren, Pa., The amount of glycerine exploded was over 10 tons. The magazines were owned by the Rock Glycerine Company, John Kuhn and a Mr. McKey. The explosion set fire to two 25,000 barrel tanks full of oil belonging to the National Transit Company. They are still burning and will be total losses. Several oil derricks and small wooden tanks were also burned. No one, so far as can be learned, was injured. Nearly every window in Clarendon was broken and much damage was done to surrounding property. No cause is assigned for the accident. The loss is estimated at $100,000. Oil men claim it to be the largest explosion of the kind in the history of the oil region.

—On Sunday morning, near Eastallago, a small station fifty miles east of Birmingham, on the Georgia Pacific railroad, Miss Betty Emmons was walking along the track when she discovered that the spikes had been drawn and a rail removed. Just as she made the discovery Miss Emmons heard the roar of an approaching passenger train, which was running at high speed. She knew the train would be wrecked if she did not stop it, and she did not hesitate a minute. She wore a red flannel petticoat and, hastily tearing it off, ran toward the approaching train, waving the garment across the track. The engineer saw the signal in time to stop the train. When the passengers learned of their narrow escape and Miss Emmons' coolness, they at once made up a handsome purse and presented it to her.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored Silks, a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veilings, colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in all styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels and Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different styles, Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hamburgs Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPOT.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

The Proprietors

Of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

Have You Read
The Philadelphia Times
This Morning?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

THE TIMES has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all the quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a newspaper, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest spaces.

THE SUNDAY EDITION is not only a complete newspaper, but a Magazine of Popular Literature. Its *sixteen large pages* clearly printed and attractively *illustrated*, contain as much good literature, by the foremost writers of the world, as any of the popular monthlies. Some of the newspapers in New York, Boston and Chicago print a greater number of pages upon Sunday, but these are for the most part occupied with advertisements. The merchants in those cities concentrate nearly all their advertising in the Sunday papers, while in Philadelphia they have found it more advantageous to advertise on week days as well.

CONTRIBUTORS to the Sunday edition of THE TIMES include many of the foremost names in contemporary literature, both American and European. Its contents cover the whole field of human interest with all that is freshest and best in

POLITICS	FICTION
LITERATURE	POETRY
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SOCIETY	DRAMA
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THE HOUSEHOLD	HUMOR
LABOR	SPORT
ATHLETICS	CHESS
RACING	YACHTING
ROWING	CRICKET
BASE BALL	FOOT-BALL
&c., &c.	&c., &c.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS—No other newspaper gives the same careful attention to the needs and tastes of young readers. The page devoted especially to them commands the services of the best writers and is edited with scrupulous care, with the aim of making it entertaining and instructive and helpful to the sound of education as well as to the pure amusement of both big and little boys and girls.

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THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper.

SPECIMEN COPIES of any edition will be sent free to anyone sending their address.

TERMS—DAILY, $3 per annum; $1 for one month; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week. SUNDAY EDITION—sixteen large, handsome pages—128 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $5 per annum; 50 cents per month. WEEKLY EDITION, $1 per annum.

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Presents.

What more appropriate
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for mother, or sister, or wife?

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cost 15 per cent. more
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Our Silks were bought
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The prices are lower
than prices can possibly
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to select from.
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and many new ones.
Everything in
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Send for Samples.

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Nov. 15,-lychmly.

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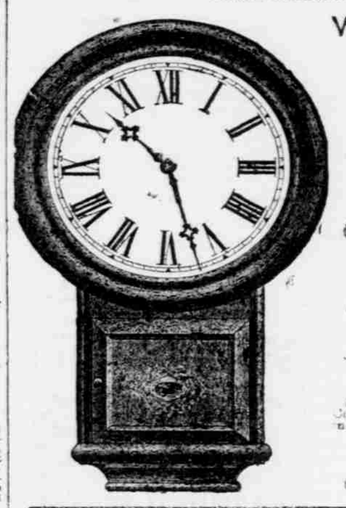

Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
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WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches,
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LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CARL RIVINIUS.

bensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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OPENS SEPT. 4th. CLOSES OCT. 19th
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

HOPPER BROTHERS. & CO.

Extend to you a hearty invitation when you visit the City to call and examine our stock of

BEDROOM FURNITURE, PARLOR FURNITURE.
CARPETS, LACE CURTAINS,
DINING AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.
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We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the City.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

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Hooper Bros. & Co., 307 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

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With the best line of Overcoats in Philadelphia for Men, Youths and Children. No matter what kind of an Overcoat you want you will find it here, made in our well-known reliable way, at the lowest prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.
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School Opens Sept. 19th.
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Admits and classifies young men and boys at any time; fits them for Business, any College, Polytechnic School, West Point or Annapolis. Advanced classes in Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Electricity, Civil Engineering, Classics, Mathematics, etc. One of the best equipped and best managed Schools. All students board with the Principal. Teachers all men and graduates of first class Colleges. Three buildings, large recitation rooms. Every room has its own steam radiator and is completely furnished. Grounds (ten acres) for all athletic sports. Gymnasium. Special opportunities for students to advance rapidly. Prepares boys for business. Backward boys. Tutors or students may select any studies, or a Business, College-Preparatory, Historical, or Literary course. Physical and Chemical Laboratory. Practical Business Department, with Telegraphy, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., etc. More fully supplied with apparatus than any other College-fitting school. Home Academy affords every home comfort, the best education, and the best training. Fixed prices cover every expense. No examinations for admission. New Illustrated catalogue sent free to any address. SWITMIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B., A.M. (Harvard Graduate), Principal and Proprietor, Media, Pa. Circulars at this office.

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Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS St. Louis to the City of Mexico via

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Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

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THE SUN
FOR
1890.

JOHN A. BLAIR, JOHN P. BLAIR.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with with THE SUN.

Daily, per month,	$0.50
Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
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Address THE SUN, New York.

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SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Liberal Pay Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write FRED. E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. A PRESENT. If you become my agent and sell $100, will give $2 for copy of this ad. Cut this out.

Dec. 6, '89.-2m.

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife; book free. DRS. GRATIGNY & BEAN, No. 185 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

THE FREEMAN has the largest circulation. Advertise in it and be benefited.

BLAIR & SON'S
DAILY MEAT MARKET,
Centre Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS
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J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything neat and cozy. A bill is soon run here and connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a shot or cold bath. Hot and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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EBENSBURG, PA.

Office Armory Building, 2d floor, front Room

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, · · DEC. 20, 1889.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Headquarters for holiday goods at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—To-morrow (Saturday) will be the shortest day in the year.

—An elegant line of umbrellas just opened up at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—We wish our readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

—The new county officers will be sworn in on the 6th of January.

—The best assortment of muffs and boas in town at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—Recipe for a good Christmas cake. Buy all the ingredients at Barkers'.

—Mr. John O'Hara, of Munster township, spent a few hours in town on Thursday.

—If you want anything nice in a Christmas present, Mrs. R. E. Jones' is the place to get it.

—Give your children Barkers' candy at Christmas and they won't be sick New Years.

—For handkerchiefs, mufflers, ties, fischnes, plush coats, etc., go to Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—"Know when to spend, and where to spare, and when to buy, and thou shalt never be bare."

—Mr. M. D. Bearer and wife, of this place, who were visiting friends in Johnstown, returned home on Wednesday.

—We are sorry to note the serious illness of Mr. William A. Noel, of Hastings, he being affected with erysipelas.

—Miss Belle O'Neil took her departure for Gallitzin on Thursday, where she will be the guest of her many friends.

—At this writing the prospects for sleighing on Christmas are not promising. Instead of beautiful snow there is nothing but mud.

—This is the season of the year when you need good overshoes—you will find the largest variety of styles and qualities at Barkers.

—A Supreme Judge of Michigan has decided that "there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent the sending of an idiot to Congress." This may be law, but "it is not news."

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Mr. J. W. Sharbaugh, an enterprising citizen and prosperous merchant of Carrolltown, spent a few hours in town on Monday and while here dropped in to see the FREEMAN.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* of Tuesday says: The search force yesterday afternoon found a can full of silver coin in Schiffnauer's cellar, on Washington street. The amount was $53.75.

—They don't feel cheap. Folks are calling Barkers' the cheapest men in town. They don't feel cheap about it, though, because they know they refer to their bargainswhich are always cheap.

—A porcupine invaded the home of a Bedford county farmer and was discovered sound asleep in the kitchen. It was killed without much trouble, but not until a foolish dog got his mouth full of quills.

—Mr. Harry Kinkead, the newly appointed Deputy-Collector of Internal Revenue for this district, was in Somerset Tuesday, when John O. Kimmel, Esq., turned over the books of that office to him.—*Somerset Herald.*

—For good serviceable gifts, suitable for everybody, go down to Barkers', they don't claim to carry a large stock of toys and such goods, but you will find something there that will be of use to you and worth buying.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., wants butter, eggs, potatoes, beans, turnips, onions, apples, ear corn, oats, wheat and rye, also cabbage and sour kraut, for which he will allow the highest price; part cash paid if desired.

—Mr. Walter Weakland, of Elder township, dropped in to see us on Thursday, and added his name to our subscription list. Mr. Weakland was on his way to Friedsville, Maryland, where he is engaged in the lumber business.

—George Kimball, son of John Kimball, of Cambria township, who was a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, died at East Conemaugh on Saturday last from pneumonia. He was about twenty years of age and had been sick but a short time.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison

—Here is a fact that may not be universally known, that the first of May and Christmas of every year comes on the same day of the week. If you want to find out what day Christmas will come on look for the first of May and you will get the information.

—On Wednesday evening Albert Immell, a butcher of Greensburg, gave to a little son, aged 3 years, a dose of carbolic acid in mistake for medicine that had been prescribed for a cold. The little fellow suffered untold agony for 15 minutes, when death came to his relief. Mr. Immell is almost wild with grief.

—Three temporary bridges, the one at Woodvale, the Lincoln bridge at the station at Johnstown, and the Cambria City bridge, that had been in use since the flood were carried away by the high water on Saturday last. Considerable damage was done by the water which was higher than at any time since the flood.

—Messrs. Simon Brothers, of Gallitzin, have a new "ad." in this issue of the FREEMAN, and it will well repay purchasers to peruse it before buying elsewhere. To parties from a distance from Gallitzin, buying to the amount of $10 worth of goods their car fare will be paid. Go and visit them and save your money.

—Arthur Harper, a young colored man, was brought to the Almshouse on Monday. He was struck by a freight engine near Johnstown on Monday morning and had his neck broken, besides being otherwise injured. He is eighteen years of age and comes from Albemarle county, Va. His injuries will prove fatal.

—Facts about Christmas. There's a good many gifts to buy. You don't want to spend more than you can help. Yet while you want to limit the expense, you don't want to limit the choice of gifts. You want the best and most for your money. In view of these facts you will find that the most satisfactory place to trade is at Barker Bros.

—On Friday last the Court appointed Joseph Hipps, of Ghost township, to fill the vacancy in the Board of Auditors caused by the death of Louis Roland, who was drowned in the Johnstown flood. Mr. Hipps was elected as auditor at the late election, but the law require vacancies in a term in that office to be filled by an appointment by the Court.

—Mr. Charles Storm, of Carrolltown, was in town on Thursday.

—Mrs. George M. Waltz, of Carrolltown, visited friends in Ebensburg on Wednesday.

—Bargains that will stretch your stocking and not strain your purse, at Barkers'.

—Miss Ann Jones, sister of Judge Jones, of this place, is lying seriously ill with dropsy.

—Miss Nene Roberts who has been visiting friends in Pittsburg, for some time past returned home on Wednesday.

—Deputy Register and Recorder Gurley, of this place, was laid up several days last week with a severe cold but is now on the road to recovery.

—Take a tip from Santa Claus, wives and husbands, Ma's and Pa's; buy your gifts of us because they are free from flies and flaws. And the place is Barkers'.

—It will well repay the readers of the FREEMAN to read the advertisements contained in the neat little Christmas supplement that goes out with this issue.

—Sheriff Stineman, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Davis and Samuel Patterson, of Barr township, left on Monday morning with six prisoners for the Western Penitentiary. The prisoners were James Melion, Charles Hohan, Michael Cannon, John Kelly, James Thomas and Robert Lee Howard, who were all safely landed in their new home on Monday afternoon.

David Sutton, an old and respected citizen of Clearfield township, was found dead on the road side, a short distance from his home, on last Friday evening. Mr. Sutton had been making some repairs to the road and it is supposed that while thus engaged he was suddenly stricken with heart disease. He was about 70 years of age and leaves a number of children, all of whom are grown up, to survive him.

—Mr. Joseph Gutwald, formerly of this place, but for the past couple of years a resident of Cresson, near the "Y," has opened up a boarding house at that place where he will cater to the wants of the hungry and to all acquainted with our "ex-Burgess" it will be superfluous to remark that those stopping with him will be well treated, well fed and go away happy. Give Joe a call when you visit Cresson.

—Mr. Peter Kinney, butcher, of Wilmore, met with quite a misfortune at this place Friday morning. A passing freight moving westward was followed by pusher No. 342 and Mr. Kinney not noticing it attempted to cross. He had not yet regained the other side when it struck the rear end of the wagon, demolishing part of it and throwing Mr. Kinney, meat and all out into the mud. According to last accounts, his injuries are not of a serious character—*Altoona Graphic News.*

—Where are you going my pretty maid? I'm going to Barkers', kind sir, to trade. Why do you go there my pretty maid? His stock is the largest, sir, she said. But how are his prices my pretty maid? They're lower than anyone else has made. Can I go with you my pretty maid? Pleased with your company sir she said. So then, these two, the man and maid went hurrying off to Barkers' to trade. And when the man went home he said I've found the very best bargain maid.

—On Wednesday morning, Arthur Doons, a carpenter employed by the contractors building bridge No. 6, on the Pennsylvania railroad near Conemaugh, fell from a piece of timber into the water and was drowned. The water was very swift when he fell in and he was rapidly carried away by the current beyond the reach of help and soon disappeared. Doons was an Englishman, about twenty-four years of age, and had been but a short time in this country. His body has not yet been recovered.

—Friday morning at 2 o'clock the convent of the sisters at Irwin was entered by burglars, who pried open a shutter of the parlor window and searched the place thoroughly for valuables. Having found nothing on the lower floor they went up stairs and entered the room where one of the sisters was sleeping. They ramsacked all the bureau drawers, one of which had a large sum of money in it, but they failed to find it. In the meantime the sisters, hearing the noise gave the alarm, which was answered by several men. The robbers becoming scared, made their escape without securing anything of value.

—Many years ago the Indiana Coal Company was formed at this place. The persons composing the company were J. L. P. McAllaster, Hon. A. A. Barker, F. M. Kinter and Joseph M. Thompson. They purchased some 2000 acres of land in the vicinity of Homer and after getting the titles all straight put the lands on the market. A Philadelphia company had about concluded to purchase but before all the details had been completed the panic of 1867 come and the bottom fell out of coal operations. Some of the stockholders sold out and the lands have remained unproductive for years. Recently coal operators have been looking about for coal lands and last week this body of coal was sold for $81,000. We understand that the coal will at once be developed and a large number of coke ovens erected. There are other thousands of acres of excellent coal in the neighborhood and operators are in active negotiations for large tracts. Business will boom about Homer next year.—*Indiana Messenger.*

Johnstown Soon to be a City.

A Harrisburg special to the Johnstown *Tribune* under date of Tuesday says: W. H. Rose, Esq., and H. W. Storey, Esq., of Johnstown, to-day presented to Governor Beaver and Secretary Stone, of the State Department, the papers in reference to the charter wanted for the new city of Johnstown. They were examined closely, and pronounced satisfactory in every respect. The charter will be issued in a few days embracing sixteen wards, as follows: The First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, the seven wards of Johnstown borough as they are now constituted; the Eighth ward, Grubtown; the Ninth ward, the First ward of Conemaugh borough; the Tenth ward, the Second ward of Conemaugh borough; the Eleventh ward, Woodvale: the Twelfth ward, Prospect; the Thirteenth ward, First ward of Millville; the Fourteenth ward, the Second ward of Millville; the Fifteenth ward, First ward of Cambria; the Sixteenth ward, the Second ward of Cambria.

The Great Calamity.

Very soon readers of the FREEMAN will have an opportunity to secure an admirable History of the Johnstown Disaster, which the Harrisburg, Pa., *Telegram* is preparing to publish in book form. The volume will meet the popular demand for a full, well-written, trustworthy description of the great calamity. Besides literary and artistic merits of a high order, the fact that the net proceeds from the sales will be applied for the benefit of Printers, Orphan Children and Aged Men and Women who suffered by the flood commends the work to the favorable consideration of the public. It goes without saying that a book of this style, profusely illustrated by the best artists of the United States, written by an experienced editor from personal knowledge, and published to help a charitable object, will meet with an extraordinary sale over the entire country. Local canvassers should secure an agency, as the book will be sold by subscription in every part of the country.

Correspondence.

SAN ANTONIO, Fla., Dec. 14, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Sunday, December 8th, 1889, was a bright and glorious day in San Antonia, Florida, and all nature seemed to rejoice and in a manner participate in the beautiful ceremonies attending the reception of Miss Adda Scanlan into the order of Benedictine Sisters. An account of this can not but be of interest to many of your readers to whom she was well known as the daughter of Henry Scanlan, Esq.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, who was to officiate, with the assistance of Rev. Roman Kirschner, O. S. B.; Rev. George Lester, O. S. B., and Rev. Boniface, O. S. B., awaited the prompt arrival of the novice, who, at that hour entered the church with her bridesmaids, Sisters Agnes and Boniface, under the direction of Mother Superior Dolorosa Scanlan, sister of the bride. The novice was attired in a beautiful moire silk robe adorned with orange blossoms in profusion—the very appropriate gift of her brothers—and was in every act, gesture and motion and in every detail of dress a picture of beauty, innocence and purity. Prof. Gialmard, with a select and elegant choir, furnished enchanting music in keeping with the grand ceremonies about to take place, and the church of St. Anthony was crowded with an eager, respectful and appreciative congregation.

At the proper moment the Rt. Rev. Bishop ascended the pulpit and in feeling, eloquent and glowing language described the obligations, selfdenials and duties of the state of life chosen by the novice, and turning directly addressed her with the question was she willing to undertake and accept these duties. To this came the response in clear and ringing words and tones in the affirmation. Concluding his instructive address the Bishop turned to the altar in silent prayer while Miss Scanlan presented her crown and offerings at the feet of the "Mother Immaculate."

The novice then submitted to the cutting of her beautiful golden hair and then supported by the Mother Superior and attendants left the sanctuary. A few moments marked her return when the black dress which was to take the place of the white bridal robes was presented to her by the Bishop from the altar.

Again retiring to disrobe and adopt the garb of the order just presented her, the novice returned to the sanctuary, now the newly veiled "Sister Maria Dolores of the Immaculate Conception."

In this connection it is proper to say that the new sister had the distinguishing honor of being the first to join, or be received into the order of Benedictines in the South. A pleasing feature of the occasion being the fact that the Mother Superior was the full sister of the new novice and her mother in religion.

It is proper to mention also, that Mother Dolorsa Scanlan, O. S. B., is here establishing an already successful school and flourishing convent commanding the esteem and respect of the entire secular community.

It would afford pleasure to dwell on the beautiful scene, the glorious day, the decorated sanctuary, the grace and beauty of the novice, the bride of the Lord, the rapturous enthusiasm of the congregation, Protestant and Catholic alike, but space I fear forbids. Numerous presents and congratulations were showered on Sister Maria Dolores, with heartfelt prayers for her health and happiness. VIOLAS.

Reade Township Items.

READE TOWNSHIP, Dec. 19, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Miss C. E. Hill, of Hobboken, Pa., will close her captivating mission" in this locality about the first of May. She will then return home to remain for some time the "pest" of her mother.

We regret to note the serious illness of Mrs. Hollen, wife of 'Squire Robert Hollen, of Mountain Dale, whose chances for recovery at present writing seems very doubtful.

—The twenty-first anniversary of Willie Moore's birthday was celebrated at home near Glasgow on Saturday. The many friends of the young man assembled to do honor to the occasion. He received many presents as remembrances of the high esteem in which he is held.

Mr. John A. Hollen of Glasgow, will shortly remove his family to the lumber regions in the vicinity of Janesville, where Mr. H. will be employed during the winter on an extensive contract.

Mr. John McCormick, of Wilmore, formed many acquaintances while on his recent visit here. The Professor is a vigorous school worker, and will strive to gain the position of Superintendent to which he aspires.

The beautiful, blooming flowers which adorn the many windows of this section are striking illustration of the refinement and culture of their posessor.

Mr. D. E Hollen, of New Germany, complains his school attendance is materially affected by the diphtheria epidemic which is raging in that section.

Mr. John Johnson, of Bear Loop, who was taken suddenly ill on last Saturday night, is, we are pleased to note, much better.

The next session of the Joist Local Institute of Reade township will be held at Shirley Saturday, January 18. Everybody cordially invited.

We are pleased to understand that the missing "part" of a certain bed room set has been returned. The most distinguished article came back draped in mourning.

Hastily,

P. P.

Regulations Governing Promotions.

1st. The examinations shall be held on the last two weeks of school.

2d. The pupils in each grade in examination shall be numbered, and, instead of writing their names on the manuscripts, they shall write their numbers, grade and room on the manuscript, and hand them to the teacher. The principal shall examine the manuscript, grade and return them to the teachers. At the close of the term the pupils shall be promoted on these grades: 90 or above entitling a pupil to promotion.

3d. In case a pupil stands below 90 in one to three branches, provided that these grades are not in the more essential branches, and provided that the pupil's attendance, good conduct, and habitual diligence in study give satisfactory evidence that, if promoted, he will do successfully the work of the next higher grade, he shall be promoted.

4th. The judgment of the teachers based on their knowledge of the work, conduct, and attendance of the pupils during the term, shall influence the principal in such cases as stated in regulation 3d.

5th. Promotions in room 1 shall be made by the teacher in charge in the B and C grades; but the A grade shall be subject to the same rules and regulations as the other grades.

Adopted by the School Board, Dec. 9, 1889.

School Report.

The following is the report of Mill school, Munster township, for month ending Dec. 11, 1889:

Whole number in attendance, 23; average attendance daily, 18; per cent. of attendance, 85.

Those who were perfect every day during month are Paulinus Parrish, Eddie Walters, Rose McKimm, Rose Parrish, Mary Friedhoff, Cora Brady, Marie Brady, and Maria Jones.—Fannie M. Richardson, teacher.

—All kinds of job work neatly executed at this office. Give us a call,

Court Proceedings.

Commonwealth vs. Augustine Frosh. Larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Thomas Watson, who was found guilty of entering a store with intent to rob was sentenced to the Huntingdon Reformatory until discharged.

Joseph Mellon, who was convicted of larceny, was sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for two and a half years.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. John McMullen for highway robbery, the jury after being out about thirty-six hour, were discharged, being unable to agree. McMullen was remanded to jail and will be tried again at March Term.

Chaales Carter, convicted of murder in the first degree was called up for sentence and Judge Johnston addressed him as follows:

Charles Carter, a jury of your countrymen having found you guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, it becomes the duty of the Court to pass the sentence of the law upon you. Before doing so we wish to know if you have anything to say why it should not be passed upon you.

The prisoner replied that he had; that he did not think sentence should be passed on him, for the reason that he did not have a fair trial—that he hadn't got justice—and if the Court would grant him a new trial he would prove that the evidence against him was not sufficient. On being asked the question, he said he was about twenty-two years old and was born in Richmond, Va.

Judge Johnston continuing said:

Charles you have had a fair and impartial trial by a jury of your country; and the Court, while it decided questions of law, upon questions of facts is bound by the verdict of the jury We can see no reasons whatever why we should set aside or interfere with that verdict.

This is one of those cases in which it is very painful for the Court to pass sentence upon the criminal; but the law places this duty upon us, and when a party is found guilty by the verdict of a jury upon the facts of the case, without any prejudice, the Court as well as you, must bow to that decision, whatever it may be. And while this decision is fearful, so far as it affects you, yet the Commonwealth requires that the laws shall be faithfully executed.

We sympathize fully with the verdict of the jury in this case. We believe from the evidence that you are guilty, and the verdict of the jury is, therefore, in entire accord with our opinion. You, on that evening, armed with a pistol, went into the house, and while your victim was peacefully enjoying himself there you drew a deadly weapon and took from him his life, a thing no power on earth can restore to him.

Your learned counsel made a most able defense in your behalf, and he has assigned reasons for a new trial. Those reasons, however, are insufficient to overturn the verdict of the jury and obtain a new trial. Indeed, a new trial could not benefit you, for the jury was governed by the evidence.

Fortunately, I believe, you are a young man and have no family to be affected by the penalty which the law imposes on you. We would fain pass this ordeal, if we could in justice to our duty and our oath, but we are compelled to carry out this stern mandate of the law.

And, now, Charles Carter, the sentence of the Court is that you, Charles Carter, be taken to the jail from whence you came, and that from thence you be removed to the jail yard of said jail and there hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul.

Holiday Excursion Tickets on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Pursuant to the usual policy of aiding its patrons in the interchange of social visits during the holidays, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will, this season, place on sale at all its ticket offices, excursion tickets to be sold between the various stations on the system at the rate of two cents per mile in each direction.

The holiday excursion tickets will be sold from December 21st, 1889, to January 1st, 1890, inclusive.

This arrangement, however, does not apply to the sale of excursion tickets between New York and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, in either direction, nor between any one of the above-named cities and any other of these mentioned.

Local Institute.

The following is the program for district institute to be held in Ashville on Saturday, Dec. 21, 1889, at 10 A. M.:

Primary reading, Fannie Storm. The Old and New, Martin McCartney. The teacher during recess, Hattie McKenzie. Language instead of primary grammar, A. J. Sanker. Busy work in all grades, Eva Durbin. How to secure attendance, J. S. Foley. School discipline, Rachael McCoy. Examinations and reports, J. W. Lsech.

Teachers of neighboring districts, directors and friends of education are cordially invited to attend and take part in the exercises.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1889:

William M. Broderick, Millville and Minnie Patterson, West Taylor township.

John Uhl and Rosie Hoffman, Johnstown.

Daniel H. Engle, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa., and Belle J. Miller, Stonycreek township.

Russel Uhl and Saddie James, Johnstown.

L. L. Ware and Ella Hunter, Prospect.

Eugene B. Griffith, Lower Yoder township and Della J. Adams, Coopersdale.

Edward J. Waltz, Morrellville and Mary A. Burns, Millville.

Attendance at Indiana Normal.

The attendance at Indiana normal is larger at present than at any previous fall term. The winter term opens Dec. 30. The spring term opens March 31. Special classes will be organized during term for those who cannot come at the opening of term. Persons desiring information would do well to correspond early with the principal, Z. X. Snyder.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Why Continue.

The use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the annual election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the Secretary on Monday, January 13th 1890, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. T. W. DICK,
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, '89.-3t. Secretary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Wharton late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to HIRAM McGUIRE,
Clearfield Twp., Dec. 20, '89.-6t Adm'r.

OFFICE OF THE BELL'S GAP RAILROAD COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21, 1889.

The Board of Directors of this Company has called a special meeting of its stockholders to be held at the office of the Company, at Room 257, Bullitt Building, 141 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, on FRIDAY, December 27, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of voting for or against the merger and consolidation of said Co. with The Clearfield and Jefferson Railway Company, under the terms and provisions of the agreement of merger and consolidation now on file at the Company's office, whereby, inter alia, an increase of capital stock and bonded indebtedness of the consolidated corporation will be effected according to law, and to transact any other business which may come before the meeting.
FRANK S. LEWIS,
Secretary.

COAL LETTING.

The Commissioners of Cambria county will receive sealed proposals at their office at Ebensburg, Pa., until 1 o'clock P. M., Monday, Dec. 23rd, 1889, for furnishing coal for Court House and jail for one year, No. 1 screened House Coal is required and it must be delivered in the bins of the buildings.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN KIRBY,
JOHN CAMPBELL, } Com'rs.
J. G. LLOYD,
Attest; D. A. McGough, Clerk.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
☞ Office in Colonnade Row.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the Loretto Merchandise company are hereby notified to call and settle on or before the 1st day of October next, as after that date the books will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.
JOHN F. WILL.
Loretto, Sept. 13, 1889.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, to hear and decide upon exceptions and make report in the matter of the exceptions to the account of Annie Brookbank, administratrix of David Brookbank, deceased, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg on Wednesday the 29th day of January, 1890, at the hour of 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.
E. G. KERR, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 6, 1889.-3t.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Estate of Lewis Burgoon, deceased. Letters testamentary in the estate of Lewis Burgoon, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to
MARY JANE BUGOON,
Executrix of Lewis Burgoon, dec'd.
Ashville, Pa., Dec. 13, 1889.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, his wife, of Summerhill township, Cambria Co., Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, bearing date the 23rd day of November, A. D., 1889, have assigned to Jesse H. Dimond, of the like residence, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, all the estate, real and personal, of them the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick. All persons indebted to the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick, or either of them, will make immediate payment to the said assignee, or those having claims or demands against them, or either of them, will present the same without delay.
JESSE H. DIMOND,
Ebensburg, Dec. 13, '89, 6t. Assignee.

OFFICE OF THE CLEARFIELD AND JEFFERSON RAILROAD COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21, 1889.

The Board of Directors of this Company has called a special meeting of its stockholders to be held at the office of the company, at Room 257, Bullitt Building, 141 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, on FRIDAY, December 27, 1889, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of voting for or against the merger and consolidation of said Company with the Bell's Gap Railroad Company under the terms and provisions of the agreement of merger and consolidation now on file at the company's office, whereby, inter alia, an increase of capital stock and bonded indebtedness of the consolidated corporation will be effected according to law, and to transact any other business which may come before the meeting.
FRANK S. LEWIS,
Secretary.

SIMON BROS.'

10 Per Cent. REDUCTION SALE

....OF....

Christmas and Holiday Goods.

We are now ready to the citizens of Gallitzin and surrounding towns the nicest and finest line of useful Holiday Presents ever brought to the town, and in order that the stock may be disposed of quickly, as well as affording the poorest person in Gallitzin or the county, an opportunity to present a dear friend or relative with a valuable Christmas gift without denying themselves of the necessary comforts of life, it has been decided upon to retail them off at a 10 per cent. reduction all 'round. What is meant by a 10 per cent reduction is that TEN CENTS will be deducted from every dollar's worth of goods purchased of us from the present up to January 1st, 1890.

The variety of goods we are showing makes it impossible for anyone to fail finding what is wanted in the way of an appropriate and useful present. Come and choose the gifts you want from the piles that heap our counters and shelves. Our prices won't hinder you, for as has been stated in the foregoing, they are made to suit the purse, fit the times and suit the season. We have great surprises in variety of our display, great surprises in HOLIDAY NOVELTIES. But the greatest of all surprises is our extraordinary

LOW-:-PRICES!

Just cast your optics down this list and observe that

200 dozen Ladies' all linen Scalloped edge Handerchiefs at	12½c. each
100 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs at	16c. each
500 dozen Silk Plush Photograph cases at	37c. each
50 dozen Fine Hand-painted Neckties at	48c. each
500 pair fine, silk, plush-worked Slippers at	54c. pair
500 pair Ladies' fine dress Shoes at	$1.48 pair
300 Men's all wool Suits at [former price]	$8 00 each $12 00 each
148 Men's dress Overcoats, 6 different styles, at [former price $15 00	$9 98 each
50 dozen of Men's Seal Fur Caps at.. [formerly sold for $175	75c. and $1 08 each each
Small Boys' Suits and Overcoats at	$1.50, 2,00, 2,50, and 300 each
Big Boys' Suits and Overcoats at	$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3 50 and 4.00 each
500 dozen Suspenders, silk woven goods, at	24c. pair.
500 Silk Umbrellas, with gold tops, at	$1 75 and 1 98 each

Also, a full line of Toilet Sets, Shaving Sets, Musical Sets, Smokers' Sets, Perfumery Sets, Ladies' Work Baskets, Dressing Cases, Whisp Holder—the finest and grandest selection in the county,—Portfolios, Pocketbooks, Hand-Satchels, French Dolls, Picture Frames, Underwear, Dress Goods, Table Linens and Blankets. SILKS—kept for the first time. Everybody in Cambria county should call around at our mammoth business stand Christmas morning to see our Santa Claus who is six feet in height, and whose services have been engaged by Mr. Gus Simon who was in New York recently for that pupose. He will distribute thousands of toys and candies to the little folks who must be sure to call around on the sacred morning.

Your Fare Paid Both Ways by Us

and Goods shipped to your home free if your purchases amount to $10.00 or over. This is no guy of ours to induce you to buy, and then wriggle out of it, but the rule will be strictly adhered to. If you will leave a small deposit with us we will keep the goods you purchase until called for.

SIMON BROTHERS,

Gallitzin's Only Live Merchants, Chestnut St.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a.

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

FALL AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBER WEAR

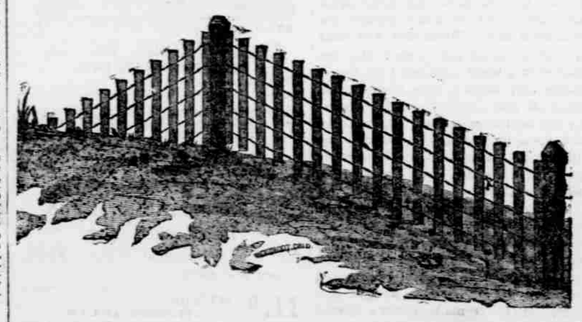
JUST RECEIVED AT

R. L. DAVIS' CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Boots for Men and Boys,
Gum Boots for Men and Boys,
Ladies' and Misses' Shoes,
Gum Shoes for Ladies and Children,
Shoes for Children and Babies,
Shoes to fit Everybody at Lowest Prices.

JULIAN ST., EBENSBURG, PA

CHAMPION COMBINATION FENCE.



This cut represents the Champion Combination Fence that is being manufactured by the Cambria County Fence Factory at Ebensburg, and which has given entire satisfaction wherever it is being put up. It is the cheapest, best and strongest fence made. Something the farmers have been waiting for and must have. The fencing is manufactured by E. B. Creswell. Now farmers and others, if you want a good farm or yard fence do not fail to see the Champion Combination Fence.

—THE—

New-Plan-Store!

EBENSBURG, PA.

Is now now filled with goods that were mostly bought at a sacrifice and will be sold the same way. We

Buy Low and Sell Low.

Now we will name a few of the bargains we have in stock and kindly ask you to compare them with the prices you have been paying:

BOOTS.

We will start with boots. We can sell you a good pair of men's boots for $1.72; a better for $1.96, and our best, the farmers' dress boots for $2.20—regular price $3.50.

RUBBER BOOTS.

In rubber boots we can sell you our best heavy weight for $2.42; our best boy's boots in leather only $1.40, and in rubber we have them $1.20 to 1.35.

OVERSHOES.

Men's articles $1.19; cloth sandals 50c; rubbers 47c; women's cloth sandals 45c. rubber 34c; Misses' rubber 28c; children 24c.

CLOTHING.

Men's suits $3.65 and up; Men's pants 37c and up; boy's pants 29c and up; Overcoats all prices; boys' suits, regular dandies, only $1.85.

HATS, CAPS, ETC.

Men's fur caps only 98c and hats we have at any price. In men's underwear we have the assrtiet from 46 to 65c; we have some lambsdies in ladeis' heavy cotton at 64c a suit. Ribbons, all shades, at lowest prices. Tips, we can sell you for 20, 21, and 36c per bunch. Plumes for 32c.

ALBUMS.

We are positively headquarters, for we have them, good plush, at 65c, 87c and up.

CLOVES.

Men's gloves, job from auction, at 35c, 39c and 48c. Ladies' gloves, 17c, 25c, and 37c—big bargains. Our wool hose for ladies' at 24c—can't be matched and for man at 23c and 25c are things that would convince you against your will that we lead. We still have shoe blacking at 1c per box; polish at 4 and 5c per bottle; sewing machine oil 3 and 4c a bottle; bluing 1 and 2c per box; hand lanterns, 10c; stove polish 1c stick; shears 4 to 10 cents; razors 16 to 35; self acting British bull dog revolvers, 32 cal. only $1.38; Excelsior single action 32 cal. $1.20; shoe brushes 8 to 20c; hair brushes, all prices; muscilage 3c per bottle, A cord about towels, we sell turkish at 5, 7, 10 and 14c each, and linen at all prices. Slate pencils 7 for 1c.

HOLIDAY :-: GOODS!

Dolls, we have them from 4 to 65 cents,—good well behaved dolls and everyone of them a bargain. Wax Birds on springs, 4 cents; trumpets, mirrors, desks, shaving sets, ink stands, writing desks, dressing cases, scrap books, etc., and a line of jewelry that will make make you open your eyes to the fact that we have

The Genuine Bargains

See our gold watches for gentlemen, only $12.50, and ladies' perfect little beauties at at $15.00. See what we have before you buy, as it will save your money.

Tinware Lower Than Ever.

Matches, 1 cent per box; $1.38 per gross. Call early and get first choice and see that we can and will do what we advertise.

Yours Respectfully,

COOK & CO.

TUDOR BUILDING,

Ebensburg, - - Pa.

Christmas Carving.

The boy who gets more than he expected is hard to find.

If Christmas came every day in the year we could soon get rid of our treasury surplus.

The impecunious swain is now confronted with the same spirit that Old Scrooge saw—the Ghost of Christmas Present.

The Christmases past are often in the memories of the old folks, but the young people only think of the Christmas present.

The average turkey is just now pondering if it was worth while feeling so uproariously happy over escaping the Thanksgiving knife only to fall beneath the Christmas axe.

"How curious it is," said Santa Claus early Christmas morning, as he headed his team for the North Pole, "that I try so many chimneys in a night and am never spoted."

Christmas at every heart's door knocks,
With gentle, tender knockings;
It turns stock kings aside from stocks
To give a thought to stockings.

A man may wrestle with an antique chicken at the Christmas dinner-table, but he does not take kindly to the task of having to wrestle with one under the Christmas mistletoe.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth—not even a Christmas rocking-horse.

It is a great discount on the pleasures of a "Merry Christmas" when a man finds the anti-bilious pill that he tackels just before going to bed has rolled into a hollow tooth and refuses to budge until it has dispensed all its aromas and tastes around in a "you'll remember me" style of melting tenderness.

Christmas is a joyous season. If you don't believe it, ask the man with a boil on the back of his neck, his house rent two months overdue, the butcher and the grocer waiting for him around the corner, and seventeen children to buy presents for.

Milk Reduced to Powder.

Here is a new industry we know very little about in this country. The idea of reducing cow's milk to a dry powder and shipping it in this condition all over the world seems to have first originated with Dr. Kueger, a Swiss savant, and under his management a company was organized to make milk-powder in Switzerland.

It is claimed that milk in this form is much better than canned or condensed. It is well known that condensed milk cannot be used in many departments of cooking on account of the sugar, and this also makes it objectionable for use with very young children, not that sugar itself is injurious to babies, for it is always put in their milk, we believe, but it is better that this sugar be put in fresh at the time of preparing milk for the child.

How far this powdered milk will answer these objections remains to be seen. One thing is certain, the powder would be much better for transportation and more handy to have in the house than either plain or condensed milk, provided it is a success. It looks somewhat dubious as a complete substitute for plain milk, not only on account of its necessary extra expense, but we do not find any kind of food capable of being thoroughly dried and afterward made over with water so as to closely resemble the original article, and we never expect to see it done with cow's milk. Nature has a way of mingling these things that thus far man has not been able to closely imitate.

Getting Even With Chicken Thieves.

A chicken raiser at Elmhurst, Penn., lost thirty odd broilers last Summer by hen hawks. He found that the hawks generally swooped down upon the young fowl at about midday. An old woodsman told him how to get even with the big chicken thieves. Out in the lot near his barn he planted a round post with a flat top. Around the rim of the top he bored gimlet holes two inches apart, slanting them outward a little. Then he got some steels out of an old umbrella, made them uniform in length, filed one end of each to a point as a darning needle, and inserted them into the gimlet holes, with the sharp points up. Inside of the circle of spikes he stood a dead chicken, placing its head as though it was picking food. Before the novel trap had been completed an hour an immense hawk swooped down after the dead chicken on the top of the post, striknig so hard that five of the sharp wires ran clear throug its body. During the Summer eight hen hawks and a big owl got impaled on the sharp spikes, and the poultry raiser lost no more chickens.

A Holiday Fable.

With drooping wings and a generally dejected air, a turkey was pacing the barn-yard, when a fox, who had slyly crept up, put his head over the fence and asked in a sympathizing tone:

"What is the matter, my poor friend? Is there any way I can help you?"

"I fear not," replied the turkey: "only a little while ago I saw the farmer eyeing me critically as he sharpened his knife, and I think my hour has come."

"Why not fly?" said the fox; "on this side lies liberty."

"I am too old a bird to be caught thus," replied the turkey; "better to be stuffed with oysters and richly garnished than barbarously mangled by you."

Just then the farmer appeared.

"Wonder where the geese have all gone," he said, "the old woman has decided that she doesn't want any turkey for dinner, after all."

"'Tis better to endure the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

SLANG interprets slang. It is easy to see the force of the remark "Don't be a clam," when you reflect how frequently the clam is in the soup.

IT is not necessary to be mean because one is a man of means.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1889.

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differs in many respects from the weekly editions of other New York papers. It is a perfect epitome of the really important news of the week carefully condensed and systematically arranged. All the markets of interest to farmers are published in detail. Space is given to the class of literature most welcome in the home circle. Special care is taken to interest the women of the household. It does not pretend to instruct the farmer in farming, but to interest him in the general news of the world, leaving the home paper of each subscriber to supply the practical information on all agricultural topics. It is an excellent paper, therefore, to obtain, through favorable club rates, along with the weekly printed in your immediate locality.

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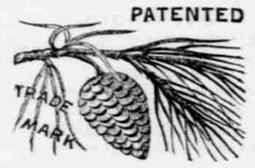

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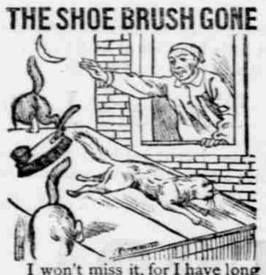
THE SHOE BRUSH GONE



I won't miss it, for I have long since adopted an easier and cleanlier way. A bottle of

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and a sponge to keep my shoes washed clean, save a deal of labor and shoe leather.

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Hunting a Lion in a Sewer

In Birmingham, England, they have just had a genuine lion hunt. The animal wasn't in open country, though but in a sewer, whither it had escaped from a circus. How to capture the beast, without alarming people, was a difficult question to solve, but finally it was decided to place a cage at the sewer's mouth and then to chase the lion into it. All this was to be done at midnight, and two men attached to the circus volunteered to do the chasing. Armed with a revolver and a dark lantern, they decended through a manhole, and almost immediately heard the lion's roar, but the fugitive being a good distance off, they ascended and proceeded to a manhole further inland; but here, again, they were on the wrong side of the lion, and it was not until they came to where a branch sewer emptied that they got fairly on its track. It was then determined to trap it on the spot, instead of driving it to the outlet, and with this object the manager of the party lowered a stout looped rope with a slip-knot in such a manner that the lion, in issuing from the branch sewer, would inevitable run into it. The two young men decended the next manhole and proceeded to drive the lion through the narrow pipe toward the looped rope. This was not accomplished until they had discharged all their ammunition and had been compelled to take off a boot with which to strike on the sides of the sewer and frighten the animal in the direction required. Presently a prolonged howl informed them of the success of their tactics. The lion had stepped into the noose, which fairly encircled the beast's lions. In the meantime the people at the top of the opening pulled desperately at the rope until the animal was raised nearly to the level of the road; when a trap cage was placed over the manhole and the lion, more dead than alive, dragged body first into it. Unluckily the cage proved too small, and the lion, still roaring lustily, lay sometime in the road with the cage held over by ten men, but with its head outside. After a delay of about ten minutes a large cage was obtained, and into this the poor brute was eventually dragged, and taken back to the menagerie.

Mark Twain's Boyhood.

"He was always a rascal," said a prominent writer in speaking of Mark Twain. "I was born and raised in Hanibal, and know when Mrs. Clemmens (Mark's mother) moved from Florida, Monroe county, to Hanibal. Mark was a dull, stupid, slow-going fellow, but he was full of pranks, and while he didn't do the meanness, he planned it and got other boys to do it. We went to school to Dr. Meredith and Mark always sat near the foot of the class. He never took any interest in books, and I never saw him study his lessons. He left school and went to learn the printing business, and soon after that left Hannibal and went to steamboating.

"I stayed at school, got a good edution and am a painter, while Mark is a millionaire. It is a scandalous fact that as a boy from 10 to 17 years of age Mark was dull, stupid fellow, and it was the wonder of the town as to what end would be his. He was pointed out by mothers as a boy that would never amount to nothin', if he did not actually come to some bad end. And he was the most homely lad in school, too. Pranks! I can think of a dozen of 'em, and his Huckleberry Finn is full of Hannibal episodes worked over. I read that with as much interest as I would a diary of Hannibal kept during my school days. Mark is three years older than myself, but he was always in a class of boys two or three years younger than himself."

Yule.

The word Yule, commonly applied to Christmas, is traced to Hijo, a wheel, and Yule is thought to have been originally named Wheel Day because the sun's course round the earth was pictured as a ring, and this was the most important day of the circle. It was "bad form" to kill your enemy in that fortnight, for Jolaifth or Yule-peace was supposed to reign while the festival lasted. On the other side of the circle or wheel was St. John's Day, June 24, on the evening of which fires are still kindled on hilltops in Great Britain and Ireland, and in some places wheels bound with straw are lighted and rolled down slopes to the nearest water. The custom of rolling wheels in midsummer is an argument in favor of the meaning "wheel" as applied to Yule. There is another argument which so far appears to have been overlooked. In Hungary Christmas is called Karacson, or Christmas, all is the same, if we imitate our ancestors today in one thing if by laughter, good cheer and present we drive off the modern devils called blue and makes ourselves happy through happiness we induce in others.

How the Arabs Make Tea.

The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail filled with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near the boiling point she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquid became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream was then poured, the ladle put in requisition again, and after a time the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed around and the tea ladled into them, this tea forming meat and drink and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.

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The best physical culture is proper food, fresh air, and plenty of sleep. As to moral culture, obedience should be expected and received. Manliness, self-respect, and truthfulness can be taught before a child is three years old. Promptness should be inculcated, neatness encouraged, bravery in bearing bumps and bruises praised. A baby can be taught to be generous, or selfish as a pig. He can be a help and comfort just as certainly as a plague and torment. As truly as there is a forest hidden away in an acorn, so truly all the virtues and vices of manhood are latent in the little one. We shall appreciate the child's sorrows and hurts by remembering they are our own tragedies in miniature.

For mental training provide interesting occupation. It is as natural for the mind to grow and develop as for the body, and, unlike the natural, it can find food for itself. Yet there come times when mischief would be avoided if the hands were provided with employment. Philosophers studying mental science, delight in watching the unfolding of a child's mind:—memory, judgment, reason, comparison, inductive faculty are there as the bud holds every petal of the rose closely folded in its keeping.

The reflex influence upon the character of the adult, giving out so much as it does, is deep and strong. Patience, perseverance, temper are put to the test. But for the love born with the child many a parent would give up in the endeavor to guide him aright, and most of the failures in successful training, come from too lax or too severe discipline in early years.

Fathers and mothers make a great mistake in that they do not think to enjoy their children while they are little. They work so hard to care for and govern them, their babyhood has flitten before they know it. 'Tis like losing the beauty of thought in the labor of translation.

After all has been said about theories and practice, the happiest, best children and families are those where love is the home atmosphere. When children are welcome and the time of the parent is not absorbed in business or gayety; when children are healthful, happy, and good, the crowning gift of gifts is to the God appointed guardian of their early years and culture. Well did our poet sing:

"A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

A Plea for Boys.

I am sorry that boys are not generally understood. Between 6 and 14 years of age the masculine nature is a mixture of mischief and sensitiveness, and spunk, and fun, and trouble, and pugnacity, which the chemistry of the world fails to analyze. A little girl is definable. She laughs when she is pleased, cries when she feels bad, pouts when she is cross and eats when she is hungry. Not so with a boy. He would rather go a nutting than to eat, forgets at the fish pond he has not had his dinner, often laughs when he feels bad, and looks submissive to an imposition practiced upon him till he gets the perpetrator alone in the middle of the road and tumbles him into the dirt, till eyes and mouth and nose are so full that the fellow imagines that before his time he was returned to dust.

A boy under a calm exterior may have twenty emotions struggling for ascendancy. Especially do I feel for a boy who has more fun aboard than he can master. How well I remember the country schoolhouse, where we all had to be sedate, though one boy would make a face enough to put the whole school in danger of running over with giggle. It is an awful thing for a child not to dare laugh when the merriment rises and swells up till the jacket gets tight and the body is a ball of fun, and he knows that if out of one of the corners of his compressed lips a snicker should escape all the boys would go off in explosion. I remember times when I had at school such responsibility of repression resting on me and proved unfaithful.

Ancient Combs.

The oldest specimens of combs preserved in the British Museum belong to the period of the second Egyptian dynasty; they are made of wood, with coarse teeth rather wide apart; where there is a rough attempt to carve the back, into a semblance of a sacred animal, such as the cow of Athor or the goddess of beauty. The formation of one specimen, in bone, six pronged and rudely cut at the edges, suggests that it was worn as an ornament for the hair. From that time to the middle ages there is no evidence to show that the decorative combs were in use. The Greeks were specially fastidious in the arrangement of their hair, and the Spartans, whose general habits were more severe, were no whit behind them in the care lavished upon it, calling it, very shrewdly, the cheapest of ornaments, and proceeding to battle the coming and dressing of their locks partook of all the solemnity of a religious rite. Before the battle of Thermopylæ Leonidas and his followers were discovered by the Persian spy in the performance of this act. That it was in some way associated with preparation for the worship of the gods among the Romans also is evidenced by the presence of combs in the cista, of cylindrical vase with a covered lid which contained the articles used during the rites of Ceres and Bacchus.

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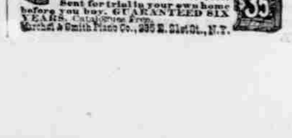

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Where Colors Come From.

Bistre is the soot of wood ashes.

Indian yellow comes from the camel.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

Various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums.

Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan.

Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago.

Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lampblack is soot from certain resinous substances.

Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar.

The cuttlefish gives the sepia. It is the inky fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attached.

Little real ultramarine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapislazuli, and commands a fabulous price.

India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture.

The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the fine colors. Among them are the gorgeous carmine, the crimson, scarlet carmine and purple lakes.

The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonite. This color was discovered accidentally.

The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria and burned.

Some Curious Facts.

The railroads employ 750,000 voters.

A Toronto inventor says his ship will cross the ocean in four days.

It would take a train 3,124 miles long to carry the Kansas corn crop.

A nickle in the slot machine is being devised to take instantaneous photographs.

Watermelon seeds were found in an Egyptain tomb that was 3,000 years old.

It is predicted that the peanut roasters of 1890 will do its roasting by electricity.

Disproportionableness, with twenty-one letters, is said to be the longest English word.

According to the latest official reports our Indian population now aggregates 267,620.

The pension rolls now bear 484,000 names, calling for annual distribution of $100,000,000.

Iowa raises more corn than all the distilleries in the world can manufacture into alcohol.

The area of the United States embraces 3,570,971 square miles; that of Canada, 3,470,392 square miles.

European railroads are fenced in, have no grade crossings, the engines have neither bell or headlight and the engineer must stand.

Superstitions of Ireland.

It is very unlucky to meet in the early morning a barking dog or a barefooted woman.

When a corpse retains animal heat overlong, another member of the family is to die within the year.

If the stacks are not circled each night by the noiseless barn owl a blight will fall upon next season's crops.

Any three idle strokes of a stick in the ashes or a spade or other farm tool in the soil making a figure resembling a coffin is certain to portend death in one's family.

The linnet pours fourth the most melancholy song of all Irish birds, and I have seen honest-hearted peasants affected by it to tears.

When the nest of the thrush or mavis is built unusually high in the thornbush, this betokens a great calamity to a neighborhood.

Over in Connamara to this day a funeral procession on its way to church will halt at some distance away and cast together a huge pile of stones.

One of the oldest of all Irish superstitions is the belief that if you chase and catch a butterfly you imprison the wandering soul of your grandmother.

The Use of Soap.

The use of soap is as general as the use of bread. It is used by all classes and conditions of modern civilization; it is a necessity in every household, alike in toilet and kitchen, and if there is one thing that more than others should be used intelligently in everyday life it is soap. According to authority, however, there is no one article of general use that is used as ignorantly, and as injuriously because of ignorance, as this universal household necessity.

It is safe to say that two-thirds of all the soaps used by the people are positively injurious, and some of them are sources of disease. The cheaper fancy soaps used by the masses are, as a rule, manufactured from impure and more or less injurious materials, and their impurities are concealed by cheap flowers which tempt the ignorant purchaser. These soaps not only do not cleanse the skin, but they destroy its softness and often cause diseases which are difficult to cure. No soap should be used on the face or hands without the best information as to its purity.

A Doubtful Compliment.

The following seems to be the latest "thing one would rather have left unsaid:" A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable and he stayed somewhat late. As he arose to take his departure the lady said: "Pray don't go yet, Mr. Jones. I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late and I should disturb the neighbors." "Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday.

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